

The Messenger

ESTABLISHED 1872.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$1.00 A YEAR.

OKOLONA, MISS., JUNE 11, 1902.

After all \$25,000 a year as salary is not to be called a measly pick up as the emoluments of the first president of Cuba.

The Democratic congressmen in Washington have concluded to make the tariff and the trusts the slogan in the campaign this fall.

When a great preacher like Dr. Palmer is called over the dark river, the people naturally bow their heads and mourn the eventful hour.

Every indication is that Grover Cleveland is trying to get back into the Democratic party. Even fishing becomes monotonous in time.

A good many places in Mississippi will celebrate the Fourth of July this year in appropriate style, and let the eagle scream loud and lustily.

Which birthday is it that King Edward has just celebrated, his last birthday or his next one? Some are not entirely clear on this point.

The sweet girl graduate is basking in the sunshine of her glory now. Then comes the toil and stern realities of life, and they come, never fear.

Mont Pelée is much like a particular kind of politician known to many sections of this country. It is a repeater of the most persistent order.

By the way, have you tasted any beef lately, or are you, like the rest of us, getting even with the beef trust by eating spring chickens and greens?

What is the avaricious man on earth for if it is not to get the dollar? Plenty of men who would have the public look upon them as great, have no higher ambition than this.

Mr. Bryan will have to winter his imperialism issue over for a time, now that the representatives of the party in Washington have decided to fight it out on the tariff and the trusts.

The argument in the canal question before congress has ascended to a hot proposition since the volcanic eruptions came to the relief of the fellows who want to fight off the issue.

The facts are, when sifted down to a fine point, that England came about as near being licked by the Boers as she has been since the days ending with Lord Cornwallis' surrender to Washington, at Yorktown.

The young Southern lawyer who went to St. Louis a few years ago, and was recently elevated to the position of prosecuting attorney, is still making it exceedingly warm for the blood-letters and wrong doers of the world's fair city.

Comanche county, Texas, is inhabited entirely by whites, not a negro residing in the county. And yet they raise corn and cotton and about everything that can be raised in any southern county there, and the people are prosperous.

There is always a consolation in a dry time like we have been having in this section lately: if a cyclone shaped cloud looms up the people realize that the cyclone cellars are all dry and nice, none of them having been flooded for months.

King Edward celebrated his 61st birthday on the 30th of May. During the few years that may remain to the new king he ought to try and be a more decent citizen. His past life has not been all that a Sunday school teacher would care to point out to her class.

It is generally believed that much as he likes fishing, that robust gentleman whose attention is called when addressed as Grover Cleveland, would not decline a Democratic nomination for the presidency, even if he has been thus honored three times already.

The excellence of Mississippi timber is attracting the attention of manufacturers all over the country. One Illinois plow company has just abandoned the use of oak and adopted the solid pine found in this state, and the supplies are being shipped to their factory now by the millions of feet.

There is a note of philosophy in the colored man who declares that though he may live in this world like a fool and die like a dog, when he finally passes out and across the door sill of heaven and the pearly gates close behind him, he can bid farewell to toil and sorrow and be as bright and big an angel as any one entering there.

The Roosevelt bosses in Mississippi, now recognized as Edgar Wilson and his brother-in-law, the Dago Governor, are scraping the face of the state's surface to see if they can't find a place for those they would reward in the futherance of the Dago's aspirations for the senate. The people of Mississippi will never fall down and worship at the feet of Teddy.



THE MEMPHIS EVENING SCIMITAR BUILDING.

The Memphis Evening Scimitar will occupy the building pictured above about November 1 of this year. Its cost will be about \$125,000, and it will be located on the southeast corner of Madison and Third streets. The exterior is of white Fossil Alabama stone, and when completed it will present the handsomest appearance of any building in Memphis. The interior will be in keeping with the exterior, so far as finish is concerned, and, generally speaking, it will surpass in all of its appointments and in appearance any newspaper building in the entire South. This picture and sketch is presented not only on account of the fact that it shows the advancement being made by the South in general and by Memphis in particular, but because it illustrates the growing power of the Southern press, and especially the Memphis Evening Scimitar.

Indeed Roosevelt is bidding hard and strong for the black Republican votes in the next national convention. First he dined with Booker Washington, and on Decoration day he devoted a large portion of his address to abuse of the South for lynching black wretches for rape.

England's new ambassador to the United States, Michael Herbert, wears no title of nobility to his name, and the smart set in New York are a mile put out about it, but the chances are that he is a grand improvement on the old mark who had the good taste to cash in his checks not long since.

They are telling a good story on a Grenada man who happened to be at Jackson during the last session of the legislature. He was accosted on the street in front of the hotel with the query: "What county do you represent, sir?" "I am not a member of the legislature, sir; I'm only a private citizen of the state on a drunk."

This is the season of the year in which nearly everybody asks themselves: "What use have we for a state board of health? What good is a local board of health?" Are you tough enough to breathe the foul effluvia which is constantly arising from the decaying vegetation thrown into the streets to rot and send forth its fumes of disease and woe?

At a state meeting of the bank presidents of Texas a resolution was passed denouncing the trusts in unmeasured terms. It is probable they do not relish the establishment of branches all over the country to transact a banking business for the great money trusts now reaching for the commercial world's throat, without any respect to persons.

When a Governor of a state has the larger portions of the officers in his state to appoint and his brother-in-law has the ear of the President there is little difference that the one is elected by the Republicans and the other by the Democrats, they pool their issues and make hay while the sun shines. The only consolation in the premises is found in the fact that the sun soon sets with men who abuse such privileges.

While the corn has curled up a little in low lands lately, that old Mississippi staple, cotton, smiles at the warm sunshine, spends no time rubbering for a cloud in the sky and goes right ahead growing for all it is worth. Cotton is certainly a warm weather bird and it matters little to it whether it rains or not, just so there is moisture somewhere in the ground into which it can bore its main root and drink. And it can bore through an ordinary piece of lime stone if there is moisture beneath.

Every time Roosevelt opens his mouth he tries to insult the people residing South of the Mason and Dixon line. Ever notice that small men in big places are never able to keep themselves before the public except by the utterance of uncouth and unnecessary abuse of those with whom they may have occasion to differ? The President is entirely too small for the big hole he accidentally tumbled into, and now realizes that he would better have remained the big toad in a small puddle than a small toad in a large puddle.

People who are figuring on the possibility of Roosevelt being his own successor, are looking down the barrel of a gun they don't seem to think is loaded. It must be remembered that a bald headed gentleman who resides on the lake front in Ohio, and whose name is familiar to a few people who read, as Mark Hanna, is the gentleman who will organize the

forces and call to order the next convention of the Republican party, the duty of which it will be to name the next candidate. The powers are behind Mr. Hanna as firmly today as they have ever been and when the hour arrives Roosevelt will be similar to a poor boy at a huskingbee.

Dr. Francis L. Pattern, president of the Princeton University, is not looking most brightly upon the future possibilities of the young man of America. In a speech at Chicago the other day he said: "I believe that the time is not far distant when there will not be a thing that we eat, drink, or wear that will not be made by a trust. If such is the case," he added, "it will not be long until it will be a financial impossibility for the average young man to get married." And yet we are told by the defenders of the systems under which we are drifting that no change could be made for the betterment of the masses or the country as a whole.

We knew it would come. The volcanic eruptions lately so active have been accepted by the Adventists as a certain beginning of the end. That is, they are now convinced that the long looked for end of the world is at hand, and that the recent volcano at Mount Pelée is the signal for all to prepare to meet the Savior right here on earth and go with him to heaven or to be cast out into the flames and perdition. Wherever the Adventists have organizations now their members are as busy as the island of Martinique. From early morning till the late hours of the night they are going from house to house admonishing people to read their Bibles and repent before it is too late and the glory of the coming Lord banishes them forever. They insist that the mountains will be leveled, the valleys submerged and the entire earth destroyed at once. Some claim that they have long ago predicted that the beginning of the end would come during the month of May, 1902, and cite the recent disturbances as a fulfillment of their prophecy.

There is more sense than sentiment in the demand of the hour from the South for recognition of a Southern man in the next national convention. The fact is that without the South's loyalty to the old party, there would not be enough Democrats in the United States to keep up a showing in a national convention, and yet when convention day comes round, some northern or western chap steps forward with a demand for the honor, on the plea that the naming of a Southern gentleman would be like throwing a red flag in a bull's face. Well, let it be thrown. The days of sectional strife are past and gone, with sensible northern men as well as with those of the South, and if this section is for all time to be placed at the tail end of the Democratic kite and none of its sons considered worthy of a nomination for the Presidency by the Democratic party, the sooner that party is abandoned, and the presumptuous bosses of it in the north left with their handful of votes and never an electoral ticket that can be elected, the better. The South might as well have no alliance with a national party as to be forever dangling at the tail of the kite.

Progress ought to be the watch word of every citizen of the town, for without progress, decay is certain to follow. The business man who lives for himself alone and is not willing to strive in every legitimate way to push forward everything that will aid in the advancement of the whole community's interest, ought to be left sitting high and dry on a hill where nothing would come near him till the buzzards are needed.

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CITY COUNCIL MEETING.

The city council met in the office of the city attorney Friday afternoon in regular monthly session, all the members present except President Elliott. E. J. Ezell presided in his absence.

On motion the city treasurer was authorized to transfer \$250.00 from the school fund to the general fund.

The report of the inspectors of the general city election held on the 5th day of June disclosed the election of the following officers for the next two years, beginning the first Friday in August:

Mayor, W. A. Bodenhamer.
Marshall, W. P. Knox.
Councilman, 1st ward, R. W. Chandler.

Councilman, 2nd ward, E. J. Ezell.
Councilman, 5th ward, J. M. Haley.

The appointive officers will be named by the board at the meeting on the first Friday in August.

An ordinance to provide for the issuance of \$40,000.00 of 5 per cent 20 year bonds to refund and improve electric light services, was adopted, and E. J. Ezell was authorized to receive bids for same.

On motion the city attorney was requested to draw an ordinance to provide for punishment of vagrants in the city, and report same at next meeting of the board. On motion the water and light committee and Mr. J. N. Dulaney were authorized to select additional machinery for the water and light plants, and to confer with the authorities of the M. & O. railroad company in regard to furnishing water for said company.

E. W. Grove

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Talk about meanness: a child recently broke out with the measles, and a neighbor who called went home and said that in her opinion it was bad bug bites.

A woman is the royal gambler of the world. She gambles her all when she marries; she gambles when she has children, and she gambles when she marries them off.

If a man succeeds in spite of your predictions of failure, do you abuse him? A good many people do. Are you that mean? Do you hate industry and ability because your "ideas" were not carried out?

A woman has made it a rule all her life to make light of her personal afflictions, and finds she can't get out of the habit. A neighbor recently sympathized with her over the death of her husband. "Oh, that's nothing," she said; "I don't mind a little thing like that." And it was not until she saw her sympathizer was fainting, that she realized what she had said.



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Which side of a jug is the handle on? Emotion is often mistaken for sympathy. The horse goes free when you are going in debt. A wise man never trusts anyone who trusts to luck. Fortunate is the bride who has a cool head and warm feet. This is the season of the year when canvassers and bees swarm. Selfishness is a disease of which matrimony cures some people. Luck may come and luck may go, but real merit hangs on forever. It isn't the girl who fires up quickest who makes the best match. A civilized man is a savage who is compelled to earn his daily bread. Some men ought to be ashamed of themselves if they are acquainted. The children who say the brightest things don't always set the world on fire. Some men would rather preach than to listen to an angel's harp practice.

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